

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 55 to 57 Park Row, New York.
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 55 Park Row.
J. Angus Shaw, Treasurer, 55 Park Row.
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 55 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates: The Evening World for the United States and Canada, \$2.00 One Year, \$1.00 Six Months, .50 Three Months, .25 One Month.
For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union, \$3.00 One Year, \$1.50 Six Months, .75 Three Months, .40 One Month.
VOLUME 56.....NO. 20,008

AMERICA LAST?

THE country buzzes with talk of national safety and defense. Plans and proposals multiply.

Meantime has anybody thought about defending the pockets of American consumers?
Is anybody watching the alarming rise in the prices of common commodities, including food?

The Evening World has more than once called attention to the accelerated upward trend of the cost of living in this country. With the passing of every month meat costs more, sugar is dearer, other foodstuffs begin the climb. Prices of common metals—copper, zinc, lead—have doubled and trebled. Chemicals that were formerly cheap are now quoted at fancy prices. In consequence of this increasing expensiveness of materials hundreds of everyday articles that everybody uses are advancing in cost. The exorbitant price of gasoline is a national scandal.

And the end is not yet. Where the American consumer will presently find himself can only be surmised from the additions made weekly and almost daily to his load.

Always the same reasons offered: The war. Europe's demand.

Why in the name of loyalty, patriotism and plain duty should American producers put the demands of Europe ahead of their own country's needs? Why must prices charged to American consumers be fixed by the bids of desperate foreign nations?

Has American business of any sort the right to take advantage of conditions in Europe in order to enrich itself a thousandfold by plundering American pockets?

No prosperity can forever blind us to the price boosting that is now going on nor save us from its dire consequences.

It is time the country asked itself the question whether preparedness does not include also the securing of the products of American industry first of all to Americans at prices fixed by normal conditions of peace and trade at home.

"Are the business men of this country ready themselves to lend a hand and sacrifice an interest?" demands President Wilson.

That ought to cover more than merely giving employees time for military training. It ought to cover the business itself and the first call on what it produces.

Is it to be America first in all things? Or is the American consumer to get only what is left after Europe has been supplied?

Who's quick enough to catch a "weasel word?"

ANOTHER FROM MEXICO.

CARRANZA is to the fore again with a new note asking why American troops are still kept on Mexican soil and demanding their immediate withdrawal.

The First Chief once more puts in the familiar, rubber stamp assurance that his troops are "now in a position to control the out-laws in Northern Mexico," etc., etc. No doubt they are also "in a position" to get Villa. They have been in these positions so long that they appear to have stiffened there.

Carranza's remarks as to the obligation of the United States to guard its frontier may not seem entirely called for under the circumstances, but the obligation may be recognized without resenting the manner of statement. What the whole communication amounts to is a bit of bluster about the American troops and an invitation to the United States to show its hand.

We do not imagine that Washington will be particularly worried. Carranza is bound to keep on fussing about the troops in order to satisfy so-called public opinion in Mexico. As the First Chief has himself said of his nation: "Appreciations and understandings of expediencies that are very clear to persons in the Government are apt to be very imperfectly comprehended by the people."

Which gives diplomacy a long and irksome task.

The B. R. T. has devised an express train that is ten minutes slower than a local, the motto of the B. R. T. Traffic Department being "Live to outdo thyself."

Hits From Sharp Wits

Some one says that money will not buy everything. But it will buy anything that is for sale.

It might be observed that when politics makes strange bed fellows, there isn't much sleeping.—Nashville Banner.

When a man has been married a few years he realizes that the best bet is to apologize humbly to her, whether he did it or not.

If there is company for dinner, Mother says, "Pass the cream, please," only to have little son later remark, "Is there any milk in the pitcher?"—Macon News.

Another pathetic little thing about human nature is that a man who has a bad cold always wants to tell you about it at great length.—Columbia State.

Of course, man isn't vain; but he will juggle with a new pair of gloves an hour before admitting they are too small for him.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Why does the baby that talks so plainly to its mother always refuse to be interviewed by strangers?

If a man rushes over a woman he is sneered at as being sentimental, and if he doesn't he is dubbed a brute. So what can the poor man do?—Omaha World-Herald.

When a person insists that a store that didn't sell the original article small exchange it for something it doesn't carry in stock, patience is given the acid test.—Pittsburgh Sun.

Letters From the People

World Almanac, Page 277, Male Paupers (3,570,449); Female, 27,140. Census of 1910.

During a club lecture on civic problems a few nights ago the speaker casually remarked that there were two male paupers in the United States for every female pauper. He quoted no authority in support of the statement, which does not seem reasonable to me. Women being largely dependent upon the male sex for support I should think more of them would be destitute. I am wondering if perhaps the speaker inadvertently reversed the figures, as friends with whom I have discussed the matter in-

A Leaky Umbrella

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By J. H. Cassel



When a Woman Is Old

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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YESTERDAY a woman took a train for Chicago. She walked down the platform with firm step and erect figure, and but for her "white crown of glory" you would have estimated her age at about half its actual count.

She has passed her three score years and ten. She goes West to attend three conventions. She will be gone ten days, after which she will return to take up her many duties.

These consist of managing a home, caring for a family and, as she puts it, "taking an interest in things."

When I asked her the secret of her ability to keep young she told me many reasons why a woman gets old. "Some people are old at thirty, others are youthful at seventy," she said. "It is just how you make it."

There is no secret about it. There is only one recipe—activity. I believe the one thing that keeps the spirit of youth awake is to have a live interest not only in your immediate circle but in the circles beyond—the world at large.

"Just as soon as you lose your grip on what is going on in the world that soon do you grow introspective and become satisfied to live on the past. Gradually you 'age' and soon you are 'old.' You rust out rather than root out."

I know another woman who has somehow been called upon to go through the whole category of calamity. Sickness, deaths, business reverses—in fact, one care after another was thrust on her to bear. Yet she is the youngest member of her family.

Her doctrine, she said, is this: "I always take my troubles and refuse to let them take me. When they seem overbearing I just get interested in something entirely outside."

There are many, many women like this one. At a dance the other evening a young woman of the third generation was heard to say to her of the second: "I'm ready to go home, mother. Are you tired?"

"Yes, I'm ready and tired; but grandmother isn't ready nor tired. She is still dancing."

And there you have the spirit of to-day. White-haired women in the shops, in the factory, in the offices, in conventions. Some wear the weight of years, others throw them off.

Here are a few seemingly small things that make women "old":

When she keeps thinking how many years old she is instead of how much she is living them.

When she clings to the years gone by rather than embrace those that are here.

When she forbids all pleasure around her for fear of "what people will think."

When she refuses to join in the frolic of youth on account of her "age."

When she shuts out new methods on the theory that the old way is the best.

When all fun-making seems the minute she enters.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR strolled into the cafe on the corner and asked, "Well, how's business, Gus?"

Gus put down his German newspaper he was reading, surveyed Mr. Jarr intently and said, "Business ain't no good and it ain't going to get any better for a while."

"For how long a while?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Not till you get out and some real customers come in," said Gus. "Say, I can tell when you come in with such a politeness that you are going to swing me. When you fellows around here have got the price you are just full of insults which you throw out at me, so if I say anything back to your face in front of you, you will have an excuse to go to some other place and say, 'If that big Dutchman is going to talk that way I'll let him go to the hospital for a while.'"

"Gee! You talk as if you were of some importance!" said Mr. Jarr. "You must think you cut a lot of ice around here!"

"I don't cut so much ice as I have to pay for," replied Gus. "And when it is extra warm on a Sunday some people I could mention slip in the side door and say, 'Gus, our ice has given out. My wife would take a favor if you'd let us have a piece of ice.'"

"Oh, if you are going to throw that up to me I'll pay for the old ice," said Mr. Jarr, hotly. "I offered to pay you for it at the time and you wouldn't take it."

"Money don't pay for a favor," replied Gus. "I guess there is a lot of knackers around here would miss me if I went out of business."

"But you're not going out of business, I hope," said Mr. Jarr, in a softer tone, for after all Gus wasn't the worst fellow in the world.

"I don't know," replied Gus. "Elmer, my bartender, he is gone by a three days' rest in the country, where he has a friend what needs him to help him on the farm. My wife has gone by her folks in Hoboken, and this is the first chance I get for a week at my own cash register, and I ain't heard nobody come in and make it ring."

"And you was saying to me that my place was no account, hey?" said Gus, after the bell had rung. "Well, I want to ask you who would the financiers around here have to stick him bad checks if I was to go out of business? Who else in the neighborhood has a free telephone that nobody but me don't have to pay for the use of it, and when somebody does slap down a dime when I've been busy and say 'local call' I afterwards find out they has been talking to Syracuse and it's a dollar on my bill."

"Who goes bail at all hours of the day and night for everybody that lives around here what gets arrested at home or away from it? Don't I have to pay my outface to Canaris and back to get Muller, the grocer, out of being locked up for a fight?"

"Oh, well, we all have our troubles," replied Mr. Jarr consolingly, "but all

here have got the price you are just full of insults which you throw out at me, so if I say anything back to your face in front of you, you will have an excuse to go to some other place and say, 'If that big Dutchman is going to talk that way I'll let him go to the hospital for a while.'"

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Sayings of Mrs. Solomon
By Helen Rowland

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MY DAUGHTER, consider the way of a man, and the way of a woman, in times of sorrow, how strangely they console themselves.

For lo, a good cry is unto the heart of a woman more satisfying than a good swear unto the heart of a man.

Behold, when a man is oppressed with tribulation and woe, he rusheth forth unto the tavern, and drowneth his sorrows in wine; for not one of them is so deep that it cannot be quenched in a cocktail glass.

But a woman rusheth forth unto the Beauty Parlor, and bath her troubles MASSAGED away with her wrinkles, and her temper marcelled with her hair.

For nothing so restoreth her courage and stimulateth her hope as the thought that she "looketh right."

When a man is harassed with worries he seeketh the poolroom and the poker party, and recklessly casteth his burdens and his moneys upon the gaming table.

But a woman hasteneth to "go shopping," and flingeth her shakels away upon a new hat, and silk hosiery, and a foolish negligee, and a frock which she doth NOT want; and behold, she is consoled!

When a man is "down-and-out" he ceaseth from shaving, and permitteeth his hair to grow long and his garments to become shabby, that they may be in tune with his spirit.

But a woman arrayeth herself in all her GLAD clothes, and redoubleth the powdering of her nose and putteth on an extra coat of rouge, that her enemies may not see her sufferings and say of her: "Poor thing!"

When a man hath received a wound of the heart he goeth forth in search of "consolation"; and lo, the FIRST fluffy thing that offereth him sympathy seemeth an Angel from Heaven, which comforteth his soul and restoreth his vanity.

But a woman locketh herself within her closet, and will admit NO man for when her heart aches for one of these no other will suffice.

When a man suffereth from depression and is BLUE he hasteneth unto the playhouse, for the merriment of vaudeville show and the musical comedy and the jokes of the comic papers are as manna and medicine unto his spirit.

But a woman taketh out her SADDEST novel, and her most pessimistic poet, and re-readeth them. Yes, she steepeth her soul in tragedy and wailoweth in the woes of others, that she may forget her own sorrows.

For, behold, a man is allopathic in his methods, and seeketh an antidote; but a woman is homeopathic and believeth that "like curath like."

Verily, verily, a man burth his woes, and flingeth a shovelful of earth thereon—and lo, they are forgotten!

But a woman's heart is a MAUSOLEUM, wherein she shutteth herself and weepeth over the graves of dead griefs.

For nothing so contenteth her spirit and rejoiceeth her soul as to "feel SORRY for herself!" Selah?

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches, one to fear and sorrow real poverty.—HUME.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

IT is the season of June brides, and I am receiving many questions about marriage. One which I am asked most frequently is this: "Are two persons likely to be happy together if the difference in their ages is considerable?"

Generally speaking, it is wisest for a man to marry a woman three or four years younger than himself. Physically, mentally and temperamentally they will then be about the same age for the remainder of their lives. It is usually unwise for a man to marry a woman, a number of years older than himself, as she will be more quickly "old."

More chance of happiness when a woman marries a man considerably her senior.

"A. S." writes: "I am engaged to a young man about my own age, who is about to graduate from college and who wants me to come for graduation and spend a week with his parents. They have invited me, through him. Do you think they should write to me themselves?"

Yes, it is their place to do that, if they really wish to welcome you.

"J. R." writes: "I like a girl very much and I think I have never seen her. I have spoken many times to her over the telephone. Is it proper for me to speak to her every night or to wait till I am introduced?"

The thing for you to do is to seek an introduction at once, since you are so interested in the girl.

"I. R." writes: "I am twenty-three and very much in love with a girl with red hair. I wish to ask her to marry me, but friends advise me not to do so, as I would not be happy. They say that women with red hair have violent tempers. What do you advise me to do?"

Go ahead and marry the girl if you are sure you can stand her.

"H. R." writes: "I am twenty-three and very much in love with a girl with red hair. I wish to ask her to marry me, but friends advise me not to do so, as I would not be happy. They say that women with red hair have violent tempers. What do you advise me to do?"

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